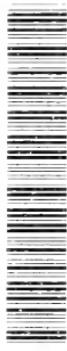


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To "true-hearted Dickenson"
with the sincere regards
of the author -

Manchester

Dec. - 3rd 1849



P O E M S,

RURAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

BY DAVID HOLT, JUN.

"Poetry is youth's language—and the scroll
Whereon is poured the music of the soul."

L. E. L.

MANCHESTER :

JOSEPH GILLETT, PRINTER, 2, BROWN STREET :

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TO

DAVID HOLT,

AUTHOR OF "MISCELLANEOUS EXTRACTS," "INCIDENTS," ETC.,

These Poems,

ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

AS A SMALL BUT SINCERE

TOKEN OF REVERENCE FOR HIS CHARACTER,

ADMIRATION OF HIS TALENTS,

AND

SYMPATHY IN HIS MISFORTUNES,

BY HIS AFFECTIONATE SON,

THE AUTHOR.

93776

P R E F A C E.

IN presenting the following effusions of a very youthful muse to the public, the author is aware that some apology is necessary. He can only say, that he would not have been induced to take such a step, had he not obtained the opinion of a poet, of no mean estimation in the literary world, that they were worthy of some notice; emboldened, therefore, by this consideration, he offers them to the public, with the full knowledge that they must stand or fall according to their own merits.

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P O E M S ,
RURAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.



A DAY AMID THE MOUNTAINS.

"I live not to myself, but I become
Portion of that around me, and to me
High mountains are a feeling."

BYRON.

I.

I WILL away unto the mountain wild,
To roam as I was wont, in days of yore
When I was Nature's free and chainless child,
Feasting upon her pure and boundless store
Of living loveliness—scorning the lore
Of Art's intricate path, and clinging still
To her, my first instructress—wand'ring o'er
The deep still valley and majestic hill,
Finding a lasting charm in river, glen, and rill !

II.

'Tis scarcely dawn—the gray and spangled heaven
But half unveil'd by the retiring night ;
Not yet to morn's unrivall'd reign is given,
And darkness playfully contends with light—
Yon hoary mountain's head alone is bright,
Forerunner of the yet unrisen sun,
All else in mist-wreathed vales is lost to sight,
Yet wait I here till night's full course is run,
And mists are scared away and daylight is begun.

III.

'Tis done—night's starry chariots retire,
Up springs, all-glorious, the god of day,
Exalts his standard like a flag of fire,
And, as a monarch, walks upon his way ;
'Tis done—departed is the curtain gray,
The mists are curling from the wooded hill,
And earth rejoices in the golden ray
That sweetly sparkles in the mountain rill,
Leaping from ledge to ledge—unwearying—never still.

IV.

Hail, gentle morning ! bringer of new life !
Child of the beaming sun ! we bid thee hail,
With fruits, and flowers, and opening blossoms rise,
And stolen perfumes borne upon the gale,
From balmy forest and from flowery dale.
—How sweetly opes the prospect ! glen and grove,
And mountain's heathy brow, and em'rald vale,
And a clear, bright, and cloudless sky above,
Amid whose wavy depths thought's vagrant wing may
rove !

V.

The dews yet rest upon the mountain flowers—
Nature's untainted tear-drops—sheening well
As gems, to deck those daughters of the bowers
That seem but half awak'd.—The heather bell
Yet droops her gentle head ; through all the dell
The path is paved with these—where'er we stray
They cling around our feet ; oh, who may tell
Their thousand charms ! the soft, the sweet, the gay !
The painter's power alone their beauties can pourtray !

VI.

Flowers ! ye are very lovely, everywhere—
In cultur'd gardens where man's hand is seen ;
But more than lovely when the taintless air
Breathes o'er you, springing nature's hills between,
Where man's invading hand hath never been,
To mar the glorious gifts that God hath given—
Oh, then ye smile with beauty most serene ;
By tempests injur'd not—by storms unriven,
Gazing with smiling eyes upon the bright blue
heaven.

VII.

And I have seen you springing into life
In nooks and corners of our land—unsought ;
In vales, with wild romantic beauties rife,
Spreading your bloom, like fairy forms of thought,
Yet each with most divine perfection wrought.
Each simple leaf and every tender stem,
To me, delightful memories ! ye have brought
Of youth, and love, and joys that dwelt in them
When life was strew'd with flowers, and every flower a
gem !

VIII.

Fain would I climb yon mountain's brow, and catch
The new-born beams of morning! I would fain
Ascend yon throne of nature, thence to watch
The clouds of night retiring, and so gain
A glorious prospect of the wooded plain
Where, brightly shining on the crystal rills,
Lie the new sunbeams, slanting from the chain
Of heathery uplands and uncultured hills,
That, like a fortress wall, the far horizon fills.

IX.

'Tis gain'd—the mountain's venerable brow,—
By many a rugged sheep-walk : I survey
O'er heath, and glen, and valley, high and low,
Into the dim of distance far away,
Where farm and hamlet, wood and water lay,
With many a pleasant meadow-path between ;
Whilst the bright glances of the King of Day
Shed down their beauty on the lovely scene,
And add a richer hue to river and ravine.

X.

There is a charm in mountain solitude—
A quiet joy in being thus alone
'Mid nature's works—the wonderful ! the rude !
O'ergazing the far scene, as from a throne,
Unto the eyes of all this earth hath shewn ;
Some spot that is beloved, wheresoe'er
It be,—it stealeth like a blessed tone
Of music, banishing our grief and care,
And through the eye it strikes the heart, and settles
there !

XI.

To climb the thunder-splinter'd pinnacles
Of mighty mountains, till our footsteps seek
O'er craggy rocks, and lone secluded dells,
The topmost and the most sequester'd peak
Of those vast thrones of nature, where, to break
The wide extended stillness, sounds are none,
Save where the eagle, in his flight, doth make
His dreary scream, so far and faint, and lone,
While echoes, shrieks reply, as from a mountain tone.

XII.

The mountain wild ! the desert solitude !
The lonely valley, and the wild wood green !
The rocky precipice !—all stern and rude—
The crystal cavern, and the lone ravine !
Green meadows, and the silver stream between !
The soft or stern, the beautiful or grand !
Nature, still fair in every changing scene,
Hath scatter'd round, with an unsparing hand,
Her thousand varied charms upon this mountain land.

XIII.

Nature, I dedieate my lowly lay—
Albeit unworthy and unprized—to thee,
In gratitude for many a pleasant day
Of pensive musing thou hast yielded me,
From the calm beauties of thy scenery ;
For I have loved thee—loved thee long and well ;
I have drank deeply from sublimity,
And tasted rapture that few tongues can tell—
Roaming, with fancies sweet, the lonely evening dell.

XIV.

'Raptur'd with valleys—over-awed by mountains,
How often have I gazed upon thy face !
Look'd upon lakes---ponder'd by gushing fountains,
And stay'd my steps in many a pleasant place !
How often have I lov'd, alone, to trace
Mountain and vale, and steep and craggy fell !
The forests waving in their sylvan grace !
The wildling woodland and the moon-lit dell,
And all the pleasant scenes that I remember well !

XV.

Ye hills, ye hills, ye everlasting hills !
Rising all dreary to my raptur'd view ;
How my delighted spirit wildly thrills
With admiration, as I gaze on you ;
Yon are the chainless peaks of glorious hue !
Yonder is Kinder's brow, so stern and high ;
And yonder Axia, in the cloudless blue
Of the serene o'erhanging summer sky,
Girt, as it were, with robes of desert majesty.

XVI.

Ye are the homes of freedom, and your sod
Is the proud dwelling of the brave and free !
Ye are the chosen sanctuaries of God,
Pointing to Heaven,—and ye shall ever be
Consecrate from the stains of slavery,
When Hope hath left the valleys still and lone,
And nations are stamped down by tyranny ;
Liberty sits upon her mountain throne,
And triumphs in a clime exclusively her own !

XVII.

Ye are the giant guardians of our land ;
The gentle springs that irrigate the earth
Flow from your bosoms, and on every hand
Behold what teeming plenty springs to birth,
More than the groves of Cashmere, are ye worth
Though on your sides no waving harvests grow,
Though storms sweep o'er you in their wasting wrath,
And on your peaks lies everlasting snow,
Still ye look kindly down upon the scenes below.

XVIII.

I have an ardent love for hills and dales ;
Nature to me presents a thousand charms,—
I see a splendour in the strength of gales,
I hear a music in the voice of storms,
All that inspires, or dignifies, or warms,
Hath found a willing echo in my heart ;
I've lov'd creation in her thousand forms,
Her loveliness and I have formed a part,
Free from the toils of strife, the labyrinths of art.

XIX.

And thou, oh, poetry ! what power is thine
To give to nature's charms their sweetest zest ;
Thou gift of Heavenly goodness—gift divine—
Thou mighty mover of the human breast !
Language of angels, by weak man express'd,
To wake affections that would else expire !
Songs of the seraphs, music of the bless'd !
Immortal spark of Promethean fire !
Essence of light and love, enchantment breathing lyre !

XX.

Much have I ow'd thee in my walk through life ;
'Twas thine to quell the storms of sorrow's sea,
To still the troubled waters ; and their strife
Sank, at thy voice, into serenity.
'Twas love of nature led to love of thee,
When first thou shed thine intellectual ray,
And op'd the beauty of thy page to me ;
Fresh flowers of fancy rose around my way,
And shed their od'rous hues—the glorious and the gay.

XXI.

Earth and its many cares were all forgot !
Entranced, I wander'd in Elysian dream,
And sought and found full many a lovely spot,
And many a lonely haunt by wood and stream.
In dreams like these existence well might seem
A garden, full of Oriental flowers,
On which the sun looked down with rip'ning beam,
And gave a golden glow to all the bowers,
Beneath whose em'rald shade enchantment winged the
hours !

XXII.

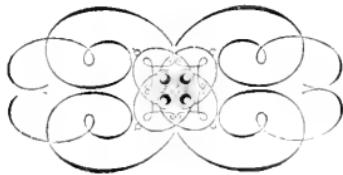
But the pale moon exalts her silver bow,
And dreamy night her dusky robe hath spread
Upon the long-drawn vales that smile below ;
And mists are gath'ring round the mountain's head,
Upon whose peaks the sun's last beams are shed—
As loth to leave so beautiful a scene !
The glorious hues of day have vanished,
And darkness rears his throne where light hath been,
And night asserts her reign—and all things are serene.

XXIII.

The stars shine forth in beauty—everywhere,
It seems as though some spirit of the past
Pour'd forth its voice upon the dewy air,
And told the heart of joys too bright to last,—
Of a resplendent sky, too soon o'ercast !
A setting sun, while yet the day is bright !
Of pleasures, wither'd in the cold world's blast !
Of happiness, too rapid in its flight !
All pour'd into thine ear, oh, pensive, dark-robed night !

XXIV.

I seek the shelter of my rural home,
And love that shelter—humble though it be.
Oh ! far more dear than monarch's regal dome,
Or lordling's halls, was that sweet home to me !
Yet, ere I go, I turn to look on thee :
Thou fair and fading prospect, fare thee well !
Yet, often times, revived by memory,
Shall be the scene on which I loved to dwell,
When the bright sun lit up the mountain flood and fell !



THE VILLAGE MAIDEN.

SHE was as fair as fair could be—
A form of love, and light, and glee ;
There was a radiance in her eye,
 There was a music in her voice,
And something even in her sigh,
 That made the heart rejoice.
A cottage was her humble home—
A lowly woodbine bower ;
But, 'mid the flowers that spread their bloom,
And cast around their sweet perfume,
 She was the fairest flower ;
And they who met her at day-dawn,
 Her basket full of watercress,
Deem'd she personified the morn,
 In her own taintless loveliness !
But bask not thou in beauty's blaze,
Nor deem that youth hath length of days !

Who would have thought that matchless eye,
Whose light was love—that cheek, whose bloom
Appear'd as though it ne'er should die,
Was telling of the tomb ?

She was our hamlet's joy and pride—
The blessing of our mountain side ;
The quiet vale wherein we dwelt
Her presence made more dear.
And in our rural sports, we felt
More glad when she was near.
But, ah ! consumption sent decay
Into her gentle breast,
As though he joy'd to tear away
The gem we lov'd the best !
It was the spring time of the year
When first we saw her fade ;
When flowers began their heads to rear
Beneath the greenwood shade.
When new-born life brought joy to all,
It brought no joy to her ;
She heard and understood the call
Of the pale messenger.
And all the summer months she passed,
As though each day would be her last ;
When nature wore her sweetest bloom,
She took her journey to the tomb !

“Oh God, it is a fearful thing
To see the young heart withering ;”
To watch the flower that once we thought
With such divine perfection wrought,
Wasting its beauty and its bloom,
Its loveliness and its perfume,
And sinking gradual to the tomb !
And thus we saw her fade away,
And wither slowly, day by day ;
Yet beauty still was on her cheek,
Her eye was pensive, mild, and meek ;
She was so fair !—how could we think
She stood upon the grave’s cold brink ?
And not one murmuring word she said
‘Gainst the decree that laid her low,
And bow’d her unrepining head
Beneath the cruel blow.

It was a placid autumn day
When her pure spirit passed away ;
And nature, wrapp’d in garb of gloom,
Seem’d to lament her early doom.
There was a sadness on the hill—
The forest made its moan ;
With mournful murmur flow’d the rill
Beside the mossy stone ;
And some few drops of rain from Heaven
Came down, as if for mourning given.

And was she dead ?—alas ! too well
Do I remember how that word
Pass'd through our hamlet, like a spell—
And scarce believed when heard !
And is she dead ? was ask'd again—
And tears pour'd down like mountain rain ;
And many a brow with grief was bent,
And many a voice, in wild lament,
Pour'd forth its mournful strain !
We laid her in her quiet grave,
But neither yew nor cypress gave
Above her sinless dust to wave ;
With flowers we strew'd her funeral forth,—
Sweet gems from nature's bowers—
For well had she, in death and ~~earth~~, *birth*,
Resembld those fair flowers.

Oh, grave ! that to thyself takes all—
To whom both wealth and beauty fall !
Oh, dreaded grave ! we give to thee
Insatiate, the victory ;
Yet, from thy damp and dreamless lair—
Thy dark abode—couldst thou not spare
Such loveliness to bless us still,
And cheer our steps througħ joy or ill ?
Could not her cheek and roseate breath

Beguile the stubborn sense of death ?
And win upon his stony heart,
And rob the spoiler of his dart !
Oh ! could he not contented be
With one less lov'd—less mourn'd than she ?

The gladsome spring hath come again,
And fruits and flowerets deck the plain ;
The lark is up on airy wing,
And forest birds have wak'd to sing ;
Yet sadness hath not ceas'd to dwell
On our sweet homes, and peaceful dell—
And when the evening sports go round,
Beneath the village tree,
We ask—with sadness in the sound—
“ Oh ! where, oh, where is she ? ”
And if her tomb, in roving by,
The loiterer draw near,
He gives her memory a sigh,
Her fun'ral flowers—a tear.
The beauty of our vale hath died—
The promise of our spring is o'er ;
And she who was our hope and pride
Shall glad our sight no more !
And when the star of night appears
Above the lonely dell,

'Tis said her grave is bath'd with tears,
By one who loved her well.
And oft, at eve, our children come
With baskets flower-laden,
And scatter them upon the tomb
Of that poor village maiden.



SWITZERLAND.

"Behold a race,
Such as Miltiades, at Marathon,
Led, when he chased the Persians to their ships."

ROGERS.

I.

BEHOLD the land of mountains ! region drear !
Nature's sublime, unciviliz'd domain !
Yet liberty hath built her temple here,
And here the spirits of the tameless reign !
Here man hath burst the haughty despot's chain,
And, as on Jura's brow, the spotless snow
Lies everlasting ! there is no stain,
Save tyrants' blood, in all the scene below,—
But happy hearts are there, and chainless footsteps go.

II.

Land of the glorious ! high Helvetia's land,
Free be thy homes, thy desert dwellings free !
Still unpolluted be thy mountain strand,
And consecrated unto Liberty,
A fitting altar whereon well may be
Offer'd the blood of Tyrants ! for thou hast
Recorded many a sweeping victory
When Burgundy's high host were given to waste—
Whose bones by Morat's lake a monument are placed !

III.

It is thy monument—thy funeral shrine—
It is thy recompense—great Burgundy !
A fitting recompense for deeds like thine !
Unsepulchred the bones of thousands lie,
And raise to Heav'n a mute but bitter cry,
Invoking curses on his hateful name
Who led them on with dreams of victory,
And blinded them with gay deceits of fame,
But left them here to die—a mock'ry and a shame !

IV.

And is this all that thou canst do for man,
Ambition ? thou, whose ever restless knife
Cuts shorter still the too protracted span
Of mortal sojourn on the stage of life ;
For thee do millions join in mortal strife,
And bloat the pride of one poor creeping worm,
While the 'reft mother and the widowed wife
Fly to the field with kindred blood still warm,
And curse the pride of man, and thy destroying storm.

V.

But thine be all the glory—Switzerland !
Bright in all hearts thy memory shall dwell,
Since Gesler perished by the vengeful hand
Of the first, greatest of thy patriots, TELL !
Freedom look'd down from her proud pinnacle,
Smiling serenely when the deed was done,
And with her awful voice pronouned it well :
Then Morat was a second Marathon,
And brilliant names were known, and glorious deeds
were done.

TO AN ITALIAN MINSTREL.

I.

THOU com'st from the land of the dance and the song,
And thy way hath been wearisome, lonely, and long ;
Thro' lands where the accents of kindness were mute,
But thy soul hath been sooth'd by the voice of thy lute.

II.

It spoke to thee kindly, when all frowned beside,
It never forsook thee—the true and the tried !
'Twas thy constant companion by night and by day,
And the tones that it utter'd lent light to thy way.

III.

'Twas potent to solace—more potent to cheer,
It lighten'd thy sorrow, and banish'd thy fear ;
It had tones of compassion, more balmy than words,
For the siren, sweet Hope, had her home on the chords.

IV.

And, tho' sometimes its tones bade thy bright tears to
flow,
'Twas the sweetness of sorrow,—the softness of woe ;
For it told thee of scenes that thine infancy loved,
And of paths in the vine-bowers thy young footsteps
roved.

V.

Then, child of Apollo, pursue thy lone way—
Be it glad, be it sad, be it gloomy or gay ;
Tho' the clouds of misfortune upon thee may bend,
Thou art not forsaken—thy lute is thy friend !

TO AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

I.

SWEET Harp ! on whom, when eve is near,
The zephyr plays with wanton wing,
How have I loved to sit and hear
Thy murmuring !

II.

More sweet than childhood's early hymn
Thy tones arise when soft winds blow,
Pour'd out upon the ev'ning dim,
In accents low !

E

III.

Now pealing forth, distinct and high,
Now dying gently on the ear,
As tho' the spirit of a sigh
Were floating near !

IV.

Thou breathest, in the pale twilight,
The vesper hymn of fading flowers ;
Veiling their beauties for the night,
In nature's bowers.

V.

The murmur of the passing breeze,
In yellow autumn's rich decline,
Lamenting 'mid the faded trees,
Hath tones like thine !

VI.

The tink'ling sound of falling streams,
At distance heard, till they become
Like symphonies of fairy dreams,
Or wild bees' hum.

VII.

The last low breathings of a flute—
Soft wafted over moonlight lakes,
Or dying echoes of a lute,
Thy music makes !

VIII.

It tells of hours for ever fled—
It 'wakens tears,—we scarce know why—
It seems like voices from the dead
That cannot die !

IX.

What music can we match with thee ?
What skill can equal, or what art ?
For, unto us, thou seem'st to be
The music of a lonely heart !

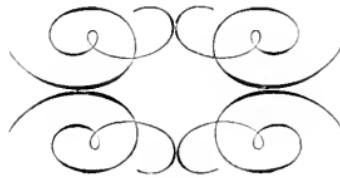
THE SUMMER CLOUD.

I.

It came and it went, like a glorious vision,
And seem'd to be bathed in the rainbow's rich dyes,
As tho' it had sail'd from a region Elysian,
Enriched with the radiance of orient skies.
It had gold on its forehead, and deep blue beneath it—
A silvery whiteness was spread o'er its breast ;
The hues of the sun-set combin'd to enwreath it,
And beams from the day-star had form'd it a crest—
And it look'd like an angel sent forth from the throne,
On some glorious mission, to mortals unknown !

11.

It sail'd tow'rs the west, and the zephyr's wings bore it
Thro' a bright summer sky that was cloudless beside,
The bright sun himself seem'd almost to adore it,
As it floated along in the pomp of its pride !
But, after a space, it was seen that it faded,—
That the hues of its glory were passing away ;
And the silvery sheen of its breast was so shaded,
That ye might forget that it once had been gay !
And it melted at last, and left nothing to tell,
Save a shower of bright dew-drops the spot where it fell !



GREECE !

" Ancient of days, august Athena!—where,
Where are thy men of might, thy grand in soul?"

BYRON.

I.

ALL hail to thee ! the high, immortal land,
Where freedom sprang to birth a second time !
Region of fable, beautiful, and grand—
" Shrine of the mighty"—Homer's native clime !
Immortal Greece ! the glorious and sublime—
All hail to thee, for ever ! for thou art
Soul of romance, of revery, and rhyme,
A quiekening spirit to the poet's heart,
A fount of loveliness, whence glories ever start !

II.

Land of unfading glory ! since the days
When first thy Homer's pages I unroll'd,
And loved to ponder on the deathless lays
And high achievements of the days of old,
That to my wond'ring infancy were told—
Since then, how have I long'd, as years increase,
To tread thy land of fable, and behold
The scene where “grew the arts of war and peace !”
Land of the classic days—the high, immortal Greece !

III.

Thou rose and quickly ripened into fame,—
Brave were thy warriors, and thy sages wise ;
The thrones of monarchs trembl'd at thy name,
And fires of freedom flash'd along thy skies !
The world beheld thee with admiring eyes,
And conquest crowned thee with her laurel wreath !
Then thou beheld thy free-born sons arise
Far above cowardice, or fear of death.
But free they lived and died—for freedom drew their
breath !

IV.

Then was't thou bless'd with plenty, and with peace,
But plenty had its evils,—thou became
Weak and effeminate—with wealth's increase,
Thy sons were sunk in infamy and shame,
And all unworthy of the glorious name
Of Grecians—scions of the ancient free !
Forgotten were the records of thy fame !
—Then came the Moslemite and conquered thee,
And flung around thy neck the yoke of slavery !

V.

Subdued, but not destroy'd, was freedom's fire !
Immortal Greece ! once more in thee it rose
A second Phenix ! from thy funeral pyre
Thou bounded from the thraldom of thy foes :
Starting from their inglorious repose,
Thy children grasped the battle-brand once more,
And wreak'd deep vengeance for their many woes—
Fired with the spirits that their fathers bore !
Then thou beheld a race worthy the race of yore !

VI.

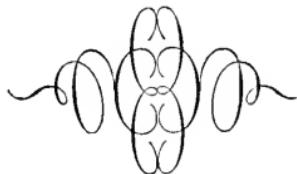
From Suli's rocks a belted legion came,
From Ægæan isles and Sparta's wooded height,
All burning with the same invet'rate flame
And deep abhorrence of the Moslemite :
Then were there many fields of desp'rare fight,
And Marathons, on many a modern plain !
Then was there a renewal of the light
That play'd upon Thermopyle in vain,
With more success when Greece unsheathed her sword
again !

VII.

Thou hast recorded on thy modern page
Full many a name to worth and truth allied,
Worthy the glory of thy former age !
Well may the Attic muse proclaim, with pride,
How Ypselantes fought and Marco died !
And how Mavracordato joined the band
To stem oppression's desolating tide,
And waved the red cross, with victorious hand,
Above the sacred rights of his awakened land !

VIII.

Oh, Missolonghi! thy sad shores resound
With universal grief for him who came—
His lofty brows with well-earned laurels crowned,
And chaplets gathered by poetic fame—
Thy dark, degenerate children to reclaim ;
But fell a victim to the spoiler's dart,
Bequeathing to the world a deathless name—
A name, whose very memory can impart
A cloud to every brow—a grief to every heart !



THE HALLS OF HADDON.

" The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled."

MOORE.

I.

IN Haddon's halls the swallow makes
Her nest ; the ruin'd tower
No more the harp of Haddon wakes
Its tones in festal hour :
And they who circled round the bowl—
A high, chivalric race—
Have long relinquish'd to the owl
Their desolated place.

II.

Tread, pilgrim, with a deep regret,
The shrine where valour sleeps !
Where many a watchful spirit yet
Its lonely vigil keeps !
Yes—spirits of the past arise
Upon the nightly view !
What time the moon is in the skies,
And on the flowers, the dew.

III.

Old mansion ! wandering in thee,
The truant mind recalls
The time when deeds of chivalry
Were done amid thy halls !
When courtly knight and lady bright
Were in thy galleries fair,
And troubadour was humming o'er
His gentle love-lay there.

IV.

The record of thine elder day
Is but an idle theme
To glitter in a minstrel's lay,
And wake a poet's dream ;
But what thou art is fitter far
To swell a strain sublime—
Noting the still, but certain war,
Waged upon thee by time !

V.

The turret's battlemented brow
Hath ivy made its own,
And in the silent courts below
The slipp'ry moss hath grown ;
Where charger's tramp and warrior's tread
Were heard the live-long day,
A silence deep as of the dead
Holds undisputed sway.

VI.

No more shall roving Minstrel see,
Advancing from thy gate,
The chosen sons of chivalry
In panoply of state ;
No more adown thy rocky way
Shall prance the war-steed proud,
With plume and pennon floating gay
Above the courtly crowd.

VII.

Unheeded comes the dawning light,
No bugle greets the morn ;
Unheeded fall the shades of night—
There is no warder's horn !
No more, returning from the chase,
A gallant band advance,
Of ladies on their steeds of grace,
And warriors with the lance.

IX.

No more along thy terrac'd height
Shall gentle ladye move,
And listen to a gallant knight
Pour forth his tale of love ;
No more shall issue from that door
The ladye and the knight—
And hot pursuit—and ery no more
Disturb the ear of night.*

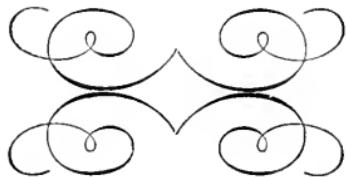
X.

No more shall rush the high tourney !
No more shall maidens wave
Their snowy kerchiefs, broidered gay,
To hail the victor brave !
Gone is the wassail revelry,
And gone the minstrel rhyme !
Oh, Grave ! thine is the victory !
And thou, grey monarch, Time !

* Alluding to the well-known elopement of Lady Dorothy Vernon, with Sir John Manners.

xi.

Though Peace hath spread her angel wing
Upon our happy isle,
And bade the waste with verdure spring—
The barren desert smile !
Though ivy mantles o'er thy walls,
And clothes thy ruined brow,
The poet loves thy lonely halls,
Though they are useless now !



TO THE ANTI-SLAVERY ASSOCIATION.

" Thus saith Britannia, empress of the sea,—
Thy chains are broken, Africa—be free !"

MONTGOMERY.

I.

Our noblest theme, to wake the poet's strain !
Oh, purest inspiration for his song !
I sing the men who burst the negro's chain—
The men who stood in conscious justice strong,
Demanding recompense for Afric's wrong !
—Their's was a bloodless conflict ! o'er the wave
Floated the joyous shout—the exulting song,
When they stretched forth the friendly hand to save,
And from the tyrant's scourge to shield the tremb'ling
slave !

II.

Beneath their hand an injured race arose,
Tramp'ling their wrongs—while mercy, from on high,
Look'd down triumphant on her baffled foes,
And pealed the shouts, exulting to the sky,
From liberated thousands ! one glad cry
From wife and husband reunited there !
Then rose the swell of tameless ecstasy
From hearts that long had drooped in deep despair,
But bounded from their woes as free as mountain air !

III.

Well—justly, have ye earned immortal fame !
Humanity ! how great to you her debt !
Yours is a bloodless, an unspotted name !
Bright is your conclave—tho', since first it met,
How many a radiance-beaming sun is set !
How many a voice now slumbers in the grave !
Yet are there not high souls remaining yet,
And hands the palm of victory to wave,
And able tongues to plead deliverance for the slave ?

IV.

Rise, injured land, the white man is thy friend !
No more is Albion to thy mis'ry blind ;
Soon shall thy woes and gross injustice end,
For there are pleaders to convince mankind ;
Soon shall thy lot, oh, Afric ! be assigned
An independent, intellectual land !
Th' inhuman trade in man shall be resigned !
No more shall shrieking victims leave thy strand
Torn from their peaceful homes by power's relentless
hand !

V.

This is thy deed, Philanthropy ! who art
A spirit bright ! descended from the skies
To pour reviving to the dead, in heart,
And bid the anguish-stricken soul arise !
Before thy brow serene, injustice flies—
Oppression trembles at thy gentle power ;
The bloody hand of tyrants thou defies—
And still intent the healing balm to pour
Works perseveringly, and braves the darkest hour.

VI.

Forward and prosper, then, altho' my song
Be as the weakest zephyr that ere blew
The withered leaf of Autumn's hour along !
Forward and prosper, ye enlightened few—
And, all undaunted, persevere to do
The deed that shall exalt your name on high !
And soon the shout of triumph ringing through
The glad expanse of Afric's sunny sky,
Shall tell that ye have won the bloodless victory !



THE MORNING WALK.

“ Him who simply thus recounts
The morning’s pleasures o’er.”

KIRKE WHITE.

I.

IN the pure breath of morning when daylight awoke
And the first golden sunbeams in loveliness broke
Thro’ my ivy-wreathed casement, with joy I arose
From the soft couch of slumber, the bed of repose ;

II.

And then wandered forth with delight to inhale
Those balm-bearing zephyrs, that exquisite gale ;
While the mist on the mountains hung heavy and long,
And the woodlands were vocal with music and song.

III.

'Twas the youth of the year, 'twas the season of spring,
And the minstrels of nature had wakened to sing ;
The sun had looked forth from the curtain of night,
And the earth was rejoicing in beauty and light.

IV.

'Twas a lone woodland glade, where the fir trees had spread
Their desert luxuriance over my head ;
And mountains, and meadows, and valleys were near,
And the sound of sweet waters fell soft on the ear.

V.

I stood and I gazed on that exquisite scene,
That landscape of beauty, so soft and serene ;
My heart owned the spell of its soul-soothing power,
And my spirit was softened to love in that hour.

VI.

And the sound of those waters 'twas soothing and clear,
And it seemed like a spell as it fell on the ear ;
'Twas the music of nature, the voice of the rill—
A ceaseless emotion by dale and by hill.

VII.

I have listed to music in hall and in bower—
I have owned its enchantment, and bowed to its power ;
My soul hath been raised into rapturous bliss,
But I never knew pleasure so pleasing as this.



MONSAL DALE.

I.

THE sun is in the summer sky,
And light awakes on lea and lawn,
In the rich east is seen on high
The full effulgence of the morn.
From forest nook and mossy glade
The thrush's note is on the gale,
“ And every bird for music made,”
Is in thy woodlands, Monsal Dale.

II.

Oh, let a poet's roving feet
Thy splendid scenery explore,
The mountain height, the vale's retreat,
The silver stream and pebbled shore.
And he will raise an artless song—
An unsophisticated tale,
And cherish in remembrance long
Thy sweet seclusion, Monsal Dale.

III.

Before me is the gentle Wye,
Meandering in silver sheen ;
And yonder are the mountains high,
And at their feet the meadows green.
The fragrance of those meadow flowers
Comes, gently wafted on the gale ;
And perfume breathes from all the bowers
Of thy seclusion, Monsal Dale.

IV.

Upon those mountain summits, still
The morning mists are lingering ;
And voices from the purling rill,
And from the myriad birds that sing
In the green glades and hollows near—
Sequester'd from the haunts of men—
Fall sweetly on the list'ning ear,
As the breeze bears them now and then.

V.

Thou 'rt lovely in the blushing Spring,
And beautiful in Summer's bloom ;
Thou 'rt sweet in Autumn's withering,
And grand in Winter's solemn gloom ;
In every season of the year—
In balmy breeze or boisterous gale,
To nature's pilgrim thou art dear—
Enchanting, lovely, Monsal Dale.

VI.

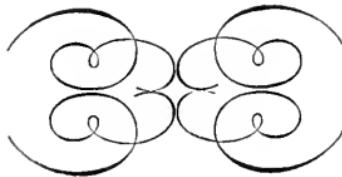
Thou art my beautiful, my own—
A very realm of Arcady ;
In all my wand'ring, I have known
No sweeter, lovelier spot than thee !
And as a friend, whose gentle sway
Can soothe the soul when griefs assail,
And chase each darkling cloud away,
I welcome thee, sweet Monsal Dale !

VII.

How beautiful and calm thou art !
Thy quiet scene how still and dear !
That we might say unto the heart,
Ambition may not enter here.
The heart that loves to form an home,
Secure from earth's unsettled gale,
Would never, never wish to roam
From thy seclusion, Monsal Dale.

VIII.

He who hath wooed the phantom Fame,
And lived on Hope, and found it vain,
Might hither bring his grief and shame,
And hide in solitude his pain.
The vultures of the mind might cease
The troubled spirit to assail,
And every thought be hushed to peace
In thy seclusion, Monsal Dale.



THE HALL OF THE CHIEF.

“ His master’s gone, and no one now
Dwells in the halls of Ivor.”

WORDSWORTH.

I.

SILENT and sad is the hall of the chief,
For the chieftain himself hath departed ;
On the tree of his household is left not a leaf,
And his last link of kindred hath started.

II.

Oh, where are the warriors that ’circled his board,
And follow’d his standard in danger ?
Deserted their dwelling, and perished their lord—
They follow the crest of a stranger !

III.

And why is the mansion thus dreary and still,
And wholly abandoned to sadness ?
Is there no one the seat of the banquet to fill,
And 'waken the echoes to gladness ?

IV.

Ah ! no—there is nothing save solitude here—
All passed are the famous in story ;
Each footfall that drear'ly rebounds on the ear
Seems wailing the loss of their glory.



ON AN
AFFECTING INSTANCE OF EARLY DEATH.

" Yet, among them all,
None were so formed to love, and to be loved,
None to delight, adorn, and on thee now
A curtain blacker than the night is dropped
For ever."

ROGERS.

I.

OH, dreadful Death, from whom the soul shrinks back,
As when upon the verge of an abyss,
We tremble as we look upon the black
And awful aspect of the precipice,
And flee away and seek some safer track,
Whereby we may regain our being's bliss ;
But slide at last adown the awful steep,
And sink into its dark and dreamless sleep !

II.

And art thou dead ? the gay, the glad, the bright !
And art thou dead ? the beautiful, the young !
And hast thou sunk into the shades of night
Ere half thy song of happiness was sung ?
Thou who wer't once a vision of delight—
To whom one heart's affection wholly clung !
And hast thou joined so soon the sister band
That take their passage to the better land ?

III.

But lately we beheld thee a fair bride
In beauty's bloom, and youthful loveliness,
And friends and kindred gathered at thy side,
And poured congratulation's warm address.
And He gazed on thee with a glance of pride,
As 'twere a vision his fond eyes to bless ;
And all was light and gladness where thou wer't,
Gay as the flutt'ring of thy guileless heart.

IV.

And thou was't happy, and that heart beat high
With conjugal affection true and warm ;
And beauty gathered in thy dove-like eye,
And o'er thy features shed its witching charm.
And did we think that thou so soon should die ?
And did we fear the spoiler's dark alarm ?
And could we deem that heart so light and gay,
So soon should mingle with its kindred clay ? *

V.

Had'st thou survived the greenness of thy Spring,
Had'st thou survived maturing Summer's hour,
Had'st thou survived thine Autumn's withering,
And perished in thy Winter's snowy hour—
We had not marvell'd that the shaft should wing
Its way unto thine heart !—but, like a flower,
To perish in the noon-tide of thy youth,
Seems like a dreadful dream—but not like truth.

VI.

But, since inevitable is the woe,
God, in his mercy, grant thy spirit peace !
Then may we almost bless the cruel blow
That gave unto that spirit a release
From ills that all are heirs to here below ;
For, where thou art, each grief, each care must cease,
And in the realms of never-fading joy,
To hymn thy Maker's praise shall be thy bright employ.



TO THE LILY.

I.

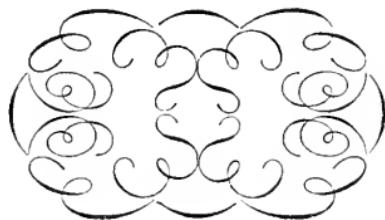
NE'ER saw I form fairer than thou,
And never looked I on a lovelier brow ;
Of all thy sisters who blush and bloom,
And cast to the wanton winds their perfume,
Thou art the fairest by field and bower—
Lily, bright lily, oh, peerless flower !

II.

And that Eastern King, who in splendour sate
On his jewelled throne, in robes of state,
Tho' the vesture that round him hung might vie
With the gorgeous glow of the richest sky—
Lily, tho' lowly and poor thou be,
Was not in his glory arrayed like thee !

III.

Oh, gentlest maiden, where'er thou blows,
In the garden beside thy sister rose,
Or far in the desert, where, hid from view,
Thou opens thy petals of purest hue,
The heart must own thee the first and best
Emblem of truth, and a guileless breast !



LANDS OF THE POETS.

I.

THE minstrel hallows every place
In north and south, in east and west,
And every land on nature's face
Is dear unto some poet's breast.

II.

Some are beloved for classic fame,
Some for misfortune and distress,
And some for freedom's sacred flame—
But all are hallowed more or less.

III.

So Scotia boasts her Walter Scott,
Nor less her gentler spirit Burns :
So Greece deplores her Byron's lot,
And o'er his hallowed ashes mourns.

IV.

So Germany to Schiller rears
The consecrated shrine of song :
And Poland brightens when she hears
Her Campbell's measures stern and strong.

V.

And loud is echoed Rogers' name
Along Italia's classic shore :
And Erin, 'mid her grief and shame,
Smiles when she hears the song of Moore.

VI.

Who is there but with rapture dwells
On Hemans's heroic strain—
That in such lofty numbers tells
Of the chivalric days of Spain.

VII.

Columbia's mountains, stern and wild,
Are bright in gentle Bowles' dream :
On Cottle Cambria's genius smiled,
And Persian lore was Southey's theme.

VIII.

The negro, freed from grief and shame,
Emancipated from his chains,
Shouts when he hears Montgomery's name,
And dwells with rapture on his strains.

IX.

And England hath her chaplet, too,
Of brightest hue and richest bloom ;
On Avon's banks that chaplet grew,
And hangs upon her Shakspeare's tomb !



LINES,

On hearing some verses, by GARRICK, describing Buxton as the most dreary and desolate place that could well be imagined.

I.

OH, GARRICK, could'st thou now but see
This lovely mountain scenery
 So beauteously displayed—
The forest and the valley still,
The summit of the wood-crown'd hill,
 And lowly rural glade :

II.

Nature, with summer verdure glowing,
The silver streamlet sweetly flowing
 And wending thro' the vale—
Perchance thy muse her strain might change
Her theme, to take a higher range—
 At Buxton cease to rail.

III.

Perchance thine ire might turn to praise,
Thy lyre a rapturous song, to raise
A strain to Nature's charms :
Instead of murmuring at the doom
That plunged thee into so much gloom,
And gave thee false alarms.

IV.

Thou would'st retract thy ruthless song,
That does to Buxton so much wrong—
And write it o'er again :
Praise with thy verses thou might'st breathe,
And sweetly twine a flowery wreath
To mingle with thy strain.

V.

I own that then the scene, to thee,
Was dreary, as it well could be—
Without a single shrub or tree
The aching sight to cheer ;
Wild wastes, with bog-land overspread,
And many a mountain, round whose head
The heather mantled drear.

VI.

But, since thy time a genial change,
Gradual, yet wonderful and strange,
 Hath silent working been ;
And what was, fifty years ago,
Barren, and waste, and wild, is now
 More like a fairy scene.

VII.

Sweet waterfalls adorn the rills,
And rich plantations clothe the hills,
 In which e'en thou might'st rove :
Green meadows deck the streamlet's side
And villages, wherein abide
 The souls of peace and love.

VIII.

Yet, unto me, I must confess,
Dear is the natural wilderness
 Of hills, with heath embrowned :
I love the valleys—still and deep,
And glens—where quiet waters sleep,
 With rocks engirdled round.

IX.

And deem that such a soul as thine,
On which the Muses deigned to shine
With radiance rich and bright,
Should find in mountains, that arise
And seem to touch the distant skies,
Bright dreams, that, brought to poet's eyes,
Are sure to yield delight.

X.

Visions, to which the gilded things
That fashion to her votary brings,
Are volatile and vain ;
Dreams which the poet's soul inspire,
And draw from his harmonious lyre
A deep and lasting strain.

XI.

Yet, still I think, that could'st thou know
How altered is the scenery now,
That prompted this thy lay,
Thou would'st retract thy ruthless song,
That does to Buxton so much wrong,
And wipe the stain away.

SONNET,

WRITTEN ON COMB MOSS.

How solemn is this desolated scene
Of Nature!—in her uninvaded mood
How indescribable, yet how serene
Is the deep stillness of this solitude!
The passions of the world may not intrude
Their poisonous spells into the spirit here,
For sure this quiet scene is hallowed ground;
And, save the plover's shrilly cry, no sound
Breaks on the wanderer's attentive ear.
The dark brown heather (nature's carpet) spread
With blacken'd moss, cov'ring the mountain's dun
With bracken waving green, and heath-flower red,
Spreading their garlands in the golden sun,
That looks with his bright eye upon this mountain's head.

SINCE LAST WE MET.

I.

SINCE last we met! how many things
Have passed away since we met last!
Now, to my mind fond mem'ry brings
The faded records of the past.
Full many a hope that then was bright
Hath moulder'd into vain regret,
And many a joy been quenched in night,
Since last we met—since last we met.

II.

Since last we met our friends have died,
And one by one have perished ;
The forms that frolicked by our side
Are numbered with the dreamless dead.
Their graves are in the churchyard ground,
And side by side they have been set :
Oh ! they have cluster'd close around
Since last we met—since last we met.

III.

Since last we met, o'er each fair scene
Methinks hath darkly passed a change,
As though some spell had working been—
Our very woodland walks are strange.
All—all have changed, save thou and I,
And we, methinks, are faithful yet,
Though many years have fleeted by
Since last we met—since last we met.

SPIRIT OF THE PAST.

I.

SPIRIT of the past,
'Mid the old gray towers,
When the midnight blast
Sweeps those ivy'd bowers ;
When the vestal moon
In the heav'n is bright,
Wand'ring up the noon
Of the deep blue night ;
When the stars are cast
On that aerial sea—
Spirit of the Past,
I commune with thee !

Thine the better days,
When our life was young—
When the first fond lays
 Of our love were sung :
Thine our better years,
 Ere the clouds of strife,
Or the showers of tears,
 Had embittered life.
“ Joys too bright to last,”
 Sunshine on the sea—
Spirit of the Past,
 All belong to thee !



KING OF THE EAGLES.

I SAIL from my nest, in the far, far west,
And float thro' the bright blue sky ;
While ocean and streams, like shadows of dreams,
On the earth beneath me lie.
I ride on the storm, and the light'ning's form
It gleameth around my path ;
And the thunders roll that shakes the pole,
A sound congenial hath.
I fix on the sun, careering on,
A firm and unaltered eye—
As he showers his beams, in golden streams,
Thro' my empire—the circling sky.
And this is the throne that I rise upon—
The thin and viewless air ;
I look around on its mighty bound,
And I know that my home is there.

For I am a king and a tameless thing,
And I have an heart of pride ;
O'er mountain and vale, on the breath of the gale,
Like a shadowy spirit I ride.
Poor, poor man, thy little span
I view with an eye of scorn ;
Thou lookest low on thy world of woe,
And I am mountain born !

And when I sleep the wild winds keep
Their watch around my nest ;
Say, art thou skilled to say where I build
My lone and unlovely nest ?
'Tis on the rock which the tempest's shock
Moves not—hath never moved—
Where the wild wind rages from ages to ages,
And hath not a conqueror proved :
And there I stand and hold command,
And cradle my mountain brood
In the mighty space of that desert place,
And its awful solitude.
When the sun hath risen from his cloudy prison,
I am up in the eye of day,
Over the hills and the murmuring rills—
Over and far away :
When radiance shines and the moon declines,
And mists from the mountains are curling ;

When the broad day-light over the night
 His banner is unfurling,
I love the morn and the purple dawn,
 And they are a joy to me—
My heart beats high at the glad gay sky,
 For I am the free—the free !

I rarely deign to touch the plain,
 And seldom to earth descend ;
But on—right on, to the golden sun
 My stedfast course I bend,
Except when I stoop to gather up
 My tribute from toiling man ;
And I bear my prey far, far away
 Into the heaven's blue span.
And when I die I will die on high,
 Where the winds o'er my corse shall rave ;
I will not stoop to the grovelling group,
 For I brook not the name of slave !
For I am a king and a tameless thing,
 And I have an heart of pride ;
O'er mountain and vale, on the breath of the gale,
 Like a shadowy spirit I ride.

CANZONET.

I.

OH, COME to me, when daylight dies,
And sunbeams fade along the skies ;
“When purple twilight, like a nun”
With pensive step, steals slowly on :
When forest birds have ceased to sing,
And idly fold the weary wing
Upon the boughs of every tree,
Oh, come with me—oh, come with me !

II.

Oh, come to me, when the pale moon
Is sailing up the night's clear noon ;
When stars are lighting midnight's hour,
And zephyrs fawn the blessed bower
Where beauty sleeps ! when down the dale
Is heard the sweet-voic'd nightingale—
When all looks calm and fair, like thee,
Oh, come with me—oh, come with me !



SONNET.

T H E N U N ' S G L E N .

Rocks upon rocks in rude confusion piled,
In all the pride of mountain majesty ;
No sound—not e'en a wild bird's passing by
Salutes the ear—magnificently wild
And cultureless ! here hath no verdure smiled
Since time began—not e'en an heath-flower's bloom
Or mountain violet, with its sweet perfume
Scenting the desert air : yet, to the child
Of nature, if he love such solitudes,
More dear and welcome are stern scenes like these
Than the luxuriant shade of waving woods,
Or the rich shelter of the brightest trees,—
Silent, secluded from the haunts of men,
Majestic nature's uninvaded glen !

THE PATRIOT'S GRAVE.

I.

IT WAS a lone and silent tomb,
Girt round by majesty and gloom,
With nought of freshness or of bloom
To break the savage scenery.

II.

No sound, save of the martlet's cry,
Or the dull raven's deep reply ;
Or where the eagle from on high
Poured down his mountain melody.

III.

First had he ever stood in fight,
Maintaining well his country's right,
His soul illumin'd with a light—
The glorious light of liberty !

IV.

His foot was ever on the field—
His arm was ever thro' his shield,
For he would rather die than yield
To the base sons of slavery.

V.

But they have laid him down to rest,
And piled the brown turf on his breast ;
One stone is graven with his crest
To mark his lonely sepulchre.

VI.

And there, in sooth, he slumbers well,
Within that dark and narrow dell,
Engirdl'd round by flood and fell—
Meet tomb for such a warrior !

WILD FLOWERS.

1.

YE WILD flowers, ye are beautiful—
Ye little dew-born gems,
Bearing your meek and modest heads
Upon your graceful stems.
As I have seen you springing up
In many a wilding scene—
The daisy and the buttercup,
And liehen fresh and green.

M

II.

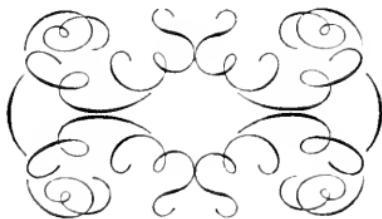
Retired, remote from public gaze,
Ye bloom in hidden bowers ;
But quiet beauty o'er you plays,
Unknown to other flowers.
The red rose and anemone
Of gaudier hues may be,
But ye, the wild and cultureless,
Are dearer far to me.

III.

And often, in my woodland walks,
In sunny hours of Spring,
When singing birds and butterflies
Are on the wanton wing,
I see you spring, at every step,
Like spirits of the grass,
Breathing to me—your minstrel,
A sweet weleome as I pass.

IV.

Then give the rose to palaces,
The tulip to kings' halls ;
Go, twine the stately orange flower
Upon the lordling's walls :
Give me the yellow buttercup,
The daisy, bright and gay,
That bloom upon the hills, and down
The valleys far away.



TO THE

MEMORY OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The names of Campbell and Poland shall float down the stream of time together. When Sobieski with his spear, and Kosinsko with his sword, gallantly, but unsuccessfully, resisted the encroachments of the Vulture of the North, Campbell, in his measure—and a glorious measure too—lent his aid to the attainment of the grand object. His heart was in the cause,—and he shall be honoured by posterity no less as the eloquent asserter of Poland's rights and liberties, than as the author of “Pleasures of Hope,” and “Gertrude of Wyoming.”

I.

ANOTHER withered from the sky of song!

Another planet sentenced to depart
And leave a name which shall endure as long
As poetry can move the human heart—
A name on which another race shall gaze,
And, gazing, praise.

II.

Weep, Poland, weep ! thy sun hath set in night—
In night and cloud—the blackness of despair !
Where is that harp which was thy shining light ?
Where is thy prophet ! where thy minstrel ! where !
His dust with Kosinsko's dust should be,
Who sang so well of thee.

III.

He loved to hymn thy praise : his name should rest
For ever with the land he loved—entwined ;
The hope that thou would'st one day be the blest
Was the first glorious feeling of his mind :
He saw for thee a glimpse of better years
Thro' all thy blood and tears.

IV.

Thou iron despot ! thy blood-bought renown
Wanes at the purer splendour of his name,—
Thy brow was great because it wore a crown !
His crown is the immortal wreath of fame !
He struck his lyre, and forth there floated free
The voice of liberty !

V.

Oh, ye who knew him in his earthly days,
Guard well his mem'ry,—it shall be to you
A thing whereon, in after years, to gaze
With gladness and with joy : ye happy few,
Who hung upon his words, and caught the fire
From his ethereal lyre.

VI.

Then rest, thou mighty master of that lyre,
With England's best and bravest : long thy lays
With liberty shall British breasts inspire,
And live in an eternity of days :
When brighter names have withered from the earth
Thine shall blaze forth.



SONNET.

C H A T S W O R T H .

FAIR palace of the peak ! that smiling stands,
In lonely sovereignty and peerless pride,
By old romantic Derwent's flow'ry side,
Looking upon thy broad and sunny lands !
Wand'rer ! this is the work of human hands,—
No fairy dome and no ideal shrine,
But brightly real doth the picture shine :
This is the shrine of science and of art,—
Painting and poetry have here their home ;
And the cold marble seems in life to start
'Neath the rich shelter of the classic dome :
Wealth, from each clime and every distant sphere,
From Turkey's domes and Russia's deserts drear,
Is with a liberal hand pil'd up in splendour here.

VISIONS OF OLD.

I.

THEY come in the sunshine of life's early day,
Like beautiful blossoms of spring,
Infusing their sweetness in every lay
Which the young lips of infancy sing :
They dwell on the mountains—they rest on the streams,
They hallow each beautiful spot—
Which, tho' only remember'd like shadows of dreams,
Can never be wholly forgot.

II.

But the cold world will come and unfeelingly blight
The roses of infancy's years,
And the garden wherein they sprang up in delight
Be a wilderness water'd with tears :
We know that the light of their gladness is o'er,
We know their affection is cold,—
Oh, do what we will, we can never restore
The visions that bless'd us of old.



TO THE WINDS.

I.

SWEEP on, sweep on in your glory,—sweep
O'er mountain and valley, o'er land and deep!
Invisible winds of the stormy sky,
Sweep on—sweep on in your majesty,
As ye come in the silence of midnight's hour,
Unknown in your glory—unseen in your power.

II.

Ye come from the caves of the stormy north,
Careering along in your boist'rous mirth ;
Ye sweep o'er the sea on your onward way,
And its wild waves are lashed into snowy spray ;
Ye sweep in your strength thro' the forest hoar,
And the woodlands resound to your mighty roar.

III.

Ye are unfetter'd, and well may be
A name for the tameless—a sign of the free ;
Ye come when the midnight tempests lower,
And ye laugh at the weakness of human power,—
Ye are the agents of anger and wrath,
And ravage and ruin attend your path.

IV.

Ye have been called the breath of the Lord,—
His voice is the thunder, the light'ning his sword ;
We see you not, but we feel your force—
We mark not your forms, but we note your course ;
Ye blow where ye list, and ye come and go,
But your rising and resting-place none can know.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN IN A TIME OF DEJECTION

I.

CEASE, oh, cease that melting strain,
For I will not weep again :
I have lost my tend'rer tone,—
I am almost callous grown.
I have wept my fill of tears,
Even in my early years ;
Now, how great soe'er my pain,
I can never weep again.

II.

Tears may give the soul relief
From the burning pangs of grief,—
Tears may soothe affliction's smart,
Tears may heal the broken heart,—
But of tears I've wept my fill,
And their spring is dry and still ;
Now, how great soe'er my pain,
I can never weep again.

III.

I have had my woes to bear,
I have had my load of care,
I have known the worldling's slight,
I have felt affliction's blight,
Seen pleasures fade before my view,
Had loved ones false, and friends untrue,—
Cease, then, cease that melting strain,
For I will not weep again.

IV.

Pains of body I can bear,
And of these I've had my share ;
'Tis the mind's convulsive start
That will break the feeling heart,—
'Tis that inward burning grief
That hath not on earth relief :
Cease, then, cease that melting strain,
For I will not weep again.



GRAVE OF GLENCOILA.

I.

WE LAID him alone, where the heath bracken waving
Wreathed its garlands at will, o'er the warrior's head ;
His requiem was sung by the wild tempest raving,
And the desert winds sigh o'er the tomb of the dead.

II.

No organ pealed forth in solemnity o'er him,
But the tears of the warrior fell fast on his tomb :—
No false-hearted sycophant feigned to deplore him,—
But the hearts of the faithful are mourning his doom.

III.

No robings of silver nor velvet arrayed him, [breast ;
But the plaid was his winding-sheet wrapp'd round his
A mountain fir marked the rude spot where we laid him,
And the scream of the night raven sang him to rest.

LINES,

INSERTED IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

I.

LONG years have passed since last we met,
In slow and varied course away,
Still is thy form remembered yet,
As though it were but yesterday.

II.

The mem'ry of those happy hours
I passed with thee, when life was young,
When hope was fed on fairy flowers,
And youth's enchanting song was sung,

III.

Still lingers with me, as a dream
Of lost delight in life's rough way ;
A beam of bliss on sorrow's stream
To chase the clouds of care away.

IV.

Thou art thy parents' tender plant,
Their fondest hope is fixed on thee ;
God guard thee with his care,—and grant
That thou may'st be their olive tree.

V.

Oh, if these stanzas placed may be
In any page or leaf of thine,
“Be they but worthy deemed of thee,
And I will proudly own them mine.”

VI.

And when thy kind approving eye
Peruses them, oh, let them be
Mementos of the times gone by,
And one who passed a week with thee.

ON THE

FADING OF A BUNCH OF WILD FLOWERS.

THEY are drooping !
The flowers we took such joy in grouping,
They are drooping
And fading fast away :
The rose her lovely head is stooping
Beneath the hand of pale decay.

The rose's head was the first to bow :
Then the lily white,
As struck by a blight,
Faded fast on the longing sight,
And bowed her beautiful head, as tho'
She mourned, with a deep and bitter woe,
That her sister rose should from her go :
Then the hair-bell let fall her cup of dew,—
The cowslip her pearls of exquisite hue,
And the violet closed her eyes of blue ;

But the buttercup
Held her head up
To the last—to the very last ;
And the daisy seemed
Like a thing that dreamed
Of hope—when all hope was past.

Such is the fate of each earthly delight,
And one by one they are faded ;
And those that seemed the most lasting and bright
Are often the first to be shaded ;
They are all like flowers,—fleeting and frail,
And swept by every passing gale.

They are gone, and we must bid farewell
To the flowers we love :
But our steps may rove
Once more the lonely ev'ning dell,—
We may gather fresh ones as bright and gay
As those that we have seen pass away :
We may renew our bunch of flowers—
But we cannot recall the bygone hours,
And the fairy joys of youth
When our spirits lived in enchanted bowers,
And every thing wore the garb of truth ;
These ties must sever,
They'll return never—
They come not back—they are gone for ever.

WHEN FIRST WE MET.

I.

WHEN first we met thine eye was bright,
Thy brow was smooth and fair,
Thy form was fairy-like and light,
As forms of angels are ;
Each sunny hour had rapture's glow
Upon its glancing wing,
Nought knew thy soul of care or woe,
For life was in its spring.
Thou seemed to me all gladness,—
I could not think that thou
Could'st have one wreath of sadness
To twine around thy brow.

II.

But, ah ! too soon the vision fled—
Too soon the charm was o'er ;
Thine eyes which once their lustre shed,
Could shed their light no more !
I saw thy gentle brow o'ercast
With more than transient gloom ;
Too well I knew the cold world's blast
Had blighted all thy bloom.
I thought no more of gladness,
For well I knew that thou
Had'st many wreathes of sadness
To twine around thy brow.



STARS.

" Ye stars, which are the poetry of Heav'n."

BYRON.

I.

BEAUTIFUL guardians of the night's deep noon,
That look upon the earth, like angel eyes,
Gath'ring in silencee round the quiet moon,
Who sails serenely up th' unclouded skies,—
What gentle thoughts and fair ideas rise
Within my bosom, as I gaze on you!
Unto your orbs vagarying fancy flies,
Clust'ring in beauty on my raptured view,
In the deep vault of night—the Heaven ethereal blue.

II.

How beautiful, upon an autumn night,
To look into the firmament, and see
“ Your exquisite embodiments of light”
Gemming the surface of that azure sea
That floats above, in calm serenity,
And pure and placid beauty—far beyond
The domes that in imagination be,—
The bright creations of the poet-land,
Or structures that arose beneath the magi’s wand.

III.

Ye stars ! ye stars ! ye ever lovely ones !
How silent—yet how musical ye are !
There seems an unison of all sweet tones
Of music in the aspect of a star ;
The fiery breath of passion may not mar
Your heav’ly beauty,—and the softest dreams
Of fancy greet your radiance from afar ;
As on the sleeping earth it faintly beams,
Inspiring holy thoughts and yielding hallowed themes

IV.

Whereon to build a superstructure bright,
And beautiful as that which gave it birth ;
A concentration of all love and light,
Belonging rather unto heav'n than earth ;
In joy or sorrow, seriousness or mirth,
A thing to muse on in a distant day,
And be remember'd as a gem of worth—
One of the few that blessed our earthly way,
Which, lit by mem'ry's lamp, now cheers us with its ray.

v.

Sublime is that philosophy which teaches
The soul to hold communion with the sky—
That rides upon the wings of wind, and reaches
The starry realms of silver light on high—
That bids us gaze, with an enlightened eye,
Into the starry firmament, and trace
The beauty, amplitude, and harmony,
The order, the sublimity, the grace,
Of the high dome of God—the heav'ns resplendent face.

SONNET,

ON AN ENGRAVING OF DOVEDALE, SENT TO ME BY MY
MOTHER FROM BUXTON.

Blest be the art which can bring home to me,
Even unto the crowded city street,
Bright glances of that mountain scenery
So lately left—that drew my vagrant feet
To moss and moorland, where I lov'd to meet
The misty mountain breezes, blowing free.

I never saw thee, valley, but my mind,
Gazing on this thy portraiture, can find
Fit food for fancy, and can leave behind
The smoky city and its busy crowd,
And soar away, upon the wings of wind,
To mountains, 'circled by the misty cloud,
And muse till duty's call the vision breaks,
And from its reverie the truant thought awakes.

THE SETTING SUN.

I.

How sweet, when daily labour's done,
And toil gives place to rest,
To watch yon golden setting sun
Sink slowly to the west :

II.

When man, emancipate awhile
From slav'ry's cank'ring band,
Exults in nature's genial smile,
And bends 'neath fancy's wand :

III.

Then odours rise from flow'ry ground,
When housed's the humming bee,—
And all the scene is hush'd around
In calm serenity :

IV.

When the tired lark, his day-dream o'er,
Descending to the sod,
Retunes his notes, intent to pour
His vesper hymn to God :

V.

Oh, then upon the mountain's brow
To sit and see the plain
And wooded vallies far below—
Resigned to ev'ning's reign.

VI.

Then raise our eyes to the far hills,
And view, with deep delight,
The sparkling of a thousand rills
In the last beams of light,

VII.

Where, on wild peak and craggy fell,
The sun, with fondness, throws
A bright and glorious farewell,
Ere sinking to repose.

VIII.

And watch each flood of radiance bright,
On the horizon cast ;
And note each lingering line of light,
More golden than the last.

IX.

O God ! who gave this glorious scene,
We raise our prayer to thee,—
That, as the setting bright hath been,
So may the rising be !



ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

" I never nursed a dear Gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die !"

MOORE.

I.

SHE seemed too full of light and glee
To be a thing of earth ;
She was as fair as aught can be
That hath a mortal breath ;
She was a very gem of love,
A rose of summer's bowers,
A seraph, given from above,
To bless our brightest hours.

II.

She faded—and we saw her fade
As with a withering blight ;
We saw that death had cast his shade
Upon that eye of light.
She died, as sinks the star to rest,
Behind the clouds of even ;
And her long-tried, but faithful breast,
Found sweet repose in heav'n.

III.

Oh, friendship ! fleeting is thy dream,
And quickly to expire ;
But momentary is the beam
Of thy celestial fire.
The friends we love—the pure and bright,
Are by our side to-day ;
We seek them in to-morrow's light,
But they have passed away.

MEDITATIVE STANZAS.

I.

THE thoughts of early childhood, and the dreams
That played around the spirit, when the soul
Found sweet companionship in woods and streams,
And viewed the page of nature's works unroll,
When fairy joys before us were arrayed,—
Could we believe they ever could depart!
And yet, 'tis written on each human heart
That they must fade.

II.

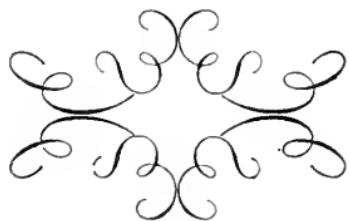
Can we behold the bright blue laughing eyes,
The loved companions of our infant years,
That seemed like gentle spirits of the skies
To share our joys and wipe away our tears :
Can we behold the young lips' vermeil shade,
That seemed in their own sprightliness to drink
From rapture's fount,—can we behold and think
That it must fade !

III.

And those young hearts that, with their mild affections,
Could make us smile thro' every childish pain,
That seemed the seat of all sweet recollections
Of days departed, ne'er to come again ;
Those hearts that seemed almost immortal made,—
Can we behold them, and then have the woe,
The deep unutterable grief to know
That they must fade !

IV.

There is a region in the bright blue skies,
Whose hallelujahs ear hath never known,
Whose light hath ne'er been seen by mortal eyes,
And to whose shore no passage bird hath flown :
There the departed are immortal made,
And they whom we have mourned and wept for here,
Translated to that bright and blessed sphere,
Can never fade.



A BROKEN HEART.

I.

A BROKEN heart, a broken heart, and a spirit rent in twain,
A sever'd soul that earthly ties can never join again ;
An eye whose light, tho' brilliant, is beaming of the tomb,
And a cheek whose lingering rosiness is but an hectic bloom.

II.

The semblance of gladness above affliction's smart,
A smile on the lip and a worm within the heart,
The light laugh of folly 'mid the wasting of despair,
And a soul of seeming airiness when all is heavy there.

III.

This may not last, this may not last, and death will come
to part [heart ;
Each cankering bond that sorrow hath cast around the
Then shall we sleep serenely with the green turf on our
breast, [are at rest.]
“Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary

TO A SUNBEAM.

I.

HAIL ! child of a resplendent sire,
We hail thy golden gleam,
Reflected from the village spire,
And dancing on the stream,
Filling with light the laughing vale,—
Child of the sun, we bid thee hail !

II.

'Mid sorrow's gloom, affliction's night,
May hope's enlivening ray
Come, like thy beam of blessed light,
To cheer us on our way,
Dispel the clouds that round us roll,
And be the sunbeam of the soul !

THE POET.

1.

HIS MIND was filled with all sweet harmonies
Of earth and air, and nature was to him
An open page displayed, where fields and trees
Were things whose images might ne'er grow dim.
The rippling river and the summer breeze,
Or cries of lonely birds, that swiftly skim
Across the bosom of the wood-girt lake,
A melody within his soul would wake.

II.

'Twas his to wander, when the day begun,
Amid the mists upon the mountain's head ;
'Twas his to watch the rising of the sun,
When new-born beams were o'er the landscape spread ;
'Twas his to watch the rippling rivers run
In silv'ry softness o'er their pebbled bed ;
'Twas his to roam o'er moss and moorland wild
With native step—for he was nature's child.

III.

One, in his early childhood, taught to look
On all her glories as on hallowed things ;
To view creation as an open book,
Imbibing knowledge from the taintless springs
Of rural life,—wand'ring by dale and brook,
Lost in the light of sweet imaginings,
And viewing in each flower that deck'd the sod
The mighty works of an Almighty God.

IV.

All things of stern and grand to him were dear—
The tempest raving through the darken'd sky ;
His was the gladness of the mountaineer
When light'nings flash'd and the wild winds rose high ;
When gloaming clouds proelaimed the tempest near,
The fire of freedom lit his thoughtful eye,
And on the wild rocks, musing, he would stand
Till his rapt' soul was filled with feelings grand.

V.

Yet, not the stern alone his soul delighted,—
All things in nature unto him were fair ;
And not the lowliest, meanest thing was slighted,
Of all that blossom'd in her taintless air ;
To every lowly flower his love was plighted,
And all things in his bosom had their share—
Spring blossoms, Autumn fadings, Summer flowers,
Winter solemnities, snows, storms, and showers.

VI.

His morning ramble and his walk at night,
 His mossy seat—deep in the forest nook,
The bank—whereon he stood to see the bright
 And bounding waters of the joyous brook,
The summer lawn—on which 'twas his delight
 To lay reclined, perusing some sweet book
Of poetry—to him were dearer far
 Than all the worldling's pleasures ever are.

VII.

And thus his moments glided calm away,
 And harmless were his youthful joys, I ween ;
In happiness he whiled away each day,
 Roaming some loved or new discovered scene,
The rock-girt dell, or mountain's summit gray,
 Or wood recesses intricate and green,—
Passing his hours of unambitious youth
 With God and nature—innocence and truth.

STANZAS,

TO _____

I.

WAKING or sleeping,—in the hour of night,
When stars are kindled in the darkened sky,
When sorrow for a season takes her flight,
And earth's inhabitants in slumber lie,—
Waking or sleeping, fancy flies to thee,
And dreams present thy fairy form to me.

II.

And if I think of those delightful bowers
That in youth's eyes looked beautiful and fair,
Still art thou there—a flower amid the flowers ;
Just as thou us'd to be, still thou art there.
Whate'er I think, whate'er I hear or see,
Revives some gentle memory of thee.

III.

Though we are parted, and an ocean rolls,
Formed by fallen fortune, 'twixt our sep'rate lot,
There was a something kindred in our souls
That ne'er, I ween, can wholly be forgot ;
As for myself, I feel I never could
Cease to remember thee, e'en if I would.

IV.

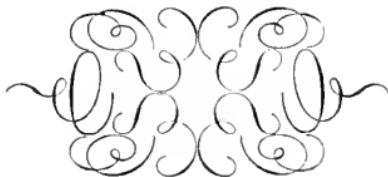
Therefore, I'll not withhold this humble line,
Breathed forth in deepest gratitude to thee,
For days departed, when sweet hope was mine,
And thou wast dear as aught on earth to me,
I know thy gentle heart will not reprove
This last fond testimonial of my love.

V.

Hope hath departed, yet I may not weep,—
It were, indeed, a wanton waste of tears ;
Yet mem'ry will oft'times her vigils keep
O'er the lost loveliness of former years—
So I have but to ask thee to excuse
This farewell freedom of a poet's muse.

VI.

Oh, memory ! thou art a principle
Mysterious, yet most beautiful, when thou
Revivest scenes on which we loved to dwell,
Ere care had visited the heart or brow ;
Mournful, yet sweet, e'en though awakening tears,
These recollections of departed years !



ODE TO SOLITUDE.

1.

TIRED with a world of care,
My spirit sighs for peace :
Oh, solitude ! to thee I fly
To hide me from society,
And bid my sorrow cease ;
For thine is joy
Without alloy—
Thine are unfading sweets that never, never cloy.

II.

Beneath the ivy'd shade
 Of yonder ruined towers,
I lay me down to muse awhile,
And watch the moonbeams as they smile
 Upon the primrose flowers ;
 And now I feel
 Thy charms reveal
Their beauty to my soul, and o'er my spirits steal.

III.

For midnight is an hour
 To pensive sorrow dear,
When we unheard, unknown, unseen,
Beneath the shade of willow green,
 May drop the heart-sent tear,
 When the rough day
 Hath passed away,
And the pale moon of heav'n holds on her silver way.

IV.

The heart oppressed with toil,
And wounded by despair,
Will ever fly from care and strife,
And love those moonlight scenes of life
Which far serener are
Than when the sun
Is rolling on,
Seorching the lofty head that his beams fall upon.

V.

Thus, solitude! to me
Thou art a precious boon ;
And I have loved to dwell with thee
By fountain, hill, or shady tree,
Beneath the quiet moon,
When musings high
Lit up mine eye,
And in my bosom sprang the germs of poesy.

VI.

Thought is thine eldest born,
Thy first and favoured child ;
And when th' Almighty formed the world
Thy mighty banner was unfurl'd
Above the lonely wild ;
When, 'mid the space
There was no trace
Of voice, or foot, or work of aught of human race.

VII.

Where art thou to be found ?
In the still moonlight glade,
Wand'ring with pensive step, and lone
By woodland well or mossy stone
Beneath the cypress shade,
Dreaming thy dreams,
Whilst rills and streams
Are babbling on beneath thy Cynthia's quiet beams.

VIII.

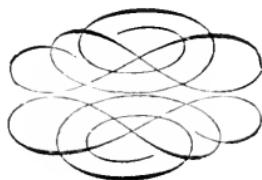
Where art thou to be found ?
'Mid abbeys old and gray,
When midnight myst'ry stills the air,—
'Mid cloisters when the owl is there,
And man is far away ;
Thou dost recline
O'er ruin'd shrine,
Where willows bending low with moss and ivy twine.

IX.

Or in the lonely glen
Where quiet waters sleep ;
Or where adown the precipice,
Foaming into the vast abyss,
The laughing torrents leap :
High dost thou sit,
While around thee flit
The visions that arise from many a musing fit.

X.

Oh, solitude ! where'er
Thou art, there would I be ;
To thee, mild sorceress, would I fly
To hide me from society,
And pour my woes to thee,—
For thine is joy
Without alloy,
Thine are unfading sweets that never, never cloy.



ON THE
DEATH OF LAMAN BLANCHARD.

I.

FORTH did'st thou spring in intellectual might,
Along the path of genius lay thy way ;
Thou lit thy mental lamp, and there was light,
And crowds, admiring, hung upon its ray.

II.

Bright was thy morning where rich hues combined,
And life one Oriental garden seemed ;
Gay were the fancies floating thro' thy mind,
And glorious were the visions that thou dreamed.

III.

But, ah ! too soon the spoiler came, and blighted
Thy youth's fair promise : now thy day is o'er,
And that wild harp, that all who heard delighted,
Shall 'wake the sweetness of its strain no more.

IV.

Many have mourned for thee, and tears have flow'd,
And shall not cease to flow for thy dark doom,
That thou should'st travel in the downward road,
And seek the dreamless slumber of the tomb.

V.

Pilgrim of song ! where'er thy footsteps be,
Drop to his memory one heart-vent tear ;
Rich was the feast that he purveyed for thee,—
Return one grateful off'ring at his bier.

SONNET,

TO THE DERWENT, AT MATLOCK.

I REST, romantic Derwent, on thy stream—
My boatman ships his oar, and I look round
Entranced—as though it were a fairy dream,
And thy wild woodlands were enchanted ground
Of aerial beings—while a pleasant sound
Of birds and bees falls on my list'ning ear,
Borne from the mossy glades, and bright green hollows
near !
The lofty rocks ascend like castled walls
From their rich basement of green foliaged trees,
While the soft sound of murmur'ring waterfalls
Comes gently wafted on the summer breeze :
All seems enchantment, like a dream divine,—
Great God ! how glorious must thy Heaven shine,
Since all this loveliness is handiwork of thine !

TO MOSS AND IVY.

I.

TWIN Sisters, growing on the ancient walls
Which are Time's monuments—rich tapestry,
That wreath your garlands in chivalric halls,
Outrivalling the page of heraldry !
In desolation's garden ye are fair,
And ruin loves you—ye her children are.

II.

How solemn—when the silent moon reclines
Upon the broken arch, the ruined tower,
And thro' the shafted oriel brightly shines—
How solemn, then, to rove at such an hour,
And trace your fragile trellise-work on high
Upon the surface of the deep blue sky !

III.

Ye grow when man hath ceased to cultivate,
So, ye are nature's own ! the wreath she bears
To Time, her father ; and ye do create
A chart whereon to trace the lapse of years,
Creeping and growing o'er the shatter'd stone,
In your own simple majesty, alone.

IV.

In old ancestral mansions, where, oh, where
Are lordly brows and eyes—the soft and bright ?
Where the brave soldier ? where the matchless fair ?
The gentle lady and the courtly knight ?
Thro' the high lattice moss and ivy still
Peep forth and whisper, “ We their places fill.”



HOME.

I.

How bright the hearth lit by the smiles of love,
Where all is quiet, peaceful, and serene !
Where Peace sits brooding like a turtle-dove,
And happy faces gather round the scene.

II.

Go, thou proud world ! we envy not thy joys,
The vain, unmeaning clamour of the crowd ;
For dull satiety and care that cloys
Must ever be the portion of the proud.

III.

But, sweet content! we own thy presence fair,
Nor blame our fortune, tho' it be obscure ;
We ask not fame, accompanied by care,
Nor envy wealth, if we are happy poor.

IV.

And thou, sweet home! thine is a witching power,
To soothe the storms of life's tempestuous sea ;
And lighter seem the clouds of sorrow's hour
If they come o'er us when we are with thee.

V.

Thou art the pole star of the darken'd sky
Lighting the wand'rer, wheresoe'er he roam,
Still turn his thoughts, with fond anxiety,
To kith and kindred—family and home.



SONNET.

* * * * *
T O W . C . S .

Now universal nature wears her gay
And gladsome mantle of luxuriant green—
And sweet enchantment rests on ev'ry scene,
Dropped from the dewy wings of May—sweet May!
Come, then, dear friend, together let us stray
While earth is redolent of light and bloom,
And bright blue violets, with their sweet perfume
Scenting the air, are springing round our way :
The throstle poureth forth his woodland lay
To cheer us with the voice of song—come, then,
Sweet is the shelter of this lovely glen,
That half admits, and half excludes the day :
Friendship is blissful anywhere—but here,
'Mid natures loveliest scenes, how doubly dear!

TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS RETURNING "CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE."

I.

So, THOU hast read the deathless lays
Of that immortal child of fame
Whose genius charmed the wond'ring gaze
Of millions—bursting into flame,
And rising like a rocket forth
To scatter splendour o'er the earth.

II.

And thou hast read them rightly, too,
'Mid nature in her grandest scenes,
'Neath desert peaks of cold gray hue,
Wild waterfalls and lone ravines—
Where solitude, in stern array,
Unbroken slumbers night and day.

T

III

Oh, I can picture thy delight
Thus wand'ring silent and alone
By smiling vale or frowning height,
By woodland well and mossy stone,
Amid such splendid scenery,
With such a book for company !

IV.

Well, art thou still dissatisfied ?
Or dost thou own him now to be
The Poet King—the child of pride,
Whieh then I pictured him to thee,—
One whose rieh mind with ease hath wrought
Intriccate labyrinths of thought.

V.

His was indeed a master mind,
Wild as his tameless ocean's spray ;
The spell that he hath left behind
Not soon shall pass from earth away ;
Firm as the day-star of the sky
His fame shall never, never die.

VI.

A wayward and a restless thing,
To misanthropic musing given ;
Lost in his own imagining,
A mixture half of hell and heav'n,—
A mighty mover of the heart
Who clung to nature—spurning art.

VII.

The mountains and the mountain streams,
The lonely lakes by foreign strand,
Were ever his most welcome themes ;
Receiving from his mighty hand
A tissue which, to say no less,
Enhanced their natural loveliness.

VIII.

And Nature opened to his eyes,
As she will do to all of those
Who seek the light that in her lies
And love her truly to the close,—
A page of beauty and of truth,
In manhood and in early youth.

IX.

The love of Nature will not die,
It burns within the human breast,
It is a never broken tie,
It lives tho' it may be repressed—
And care and toil and trade and strife
Will drown its power in public life.

X.

But Byron's was a soul that flew
From cities and their scenes of crime,
And, 'mid the waters bright and blue,
Found a companionship sublime ;
Sweet voices in the purling rills,
And friends in the majestic hills.

XI.

Hail Poetry ! thou pleasing fair !
For ever ready to impart,
Amid the clouds of grief and care,
A solace to the wounded heart ;
My comforter, when cares assail,
Sweet Poetry, I bid thee hail !

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

I.

ANOTHER New Year's Eve,—

Another year is gone,
Leaving us to joy or grieve
For good or evil done.

II.

To look upon the past,
And see if we have trod
A path more perfect than the last,
A closer walk with God.

III.

To trace our bygone years,
And note if we have had
Most of smiles or most of tears,
Most of gay or sad.

IV.

If smiles—to mend their force
And purify their glow :
If tears—to trace them to their source,
And note for what they flow :

V.

If for another's ills,
"Tis well if they have been
As plentiful as mountain rills
Adown a wild ravine.

VI.

If only for our own,
"T were well (the truth to speak,)
If every drop had turned to stone
Upon our selfish cheek.

VII.

How much of care and strife
One little year can hold ;
How much vicissitude of life
Twelve rolling months unfold !

VIII.

To-day we are—and then,
To-morrow—we are not !
We perish from our fellow men,
Forgetting and forgöt !

IX.

We live our little day,
We sport in every beam ;
And then we fade from life away
Like shadows in a dream.

X.

And in an hour that none
Have known—that none can know,
The spoiler comes—and we are gone
To greater joy or woe.

XL.

This thought a thought should be
Impression deep to leave,
That we, perchance, may never see
Another New Year's Eve.



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